

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1877.

The Week.

THE Chamberlain government melted into thin air on Tuesday as the U. S. troops moved out of the State-House at noon. Contrary to rumor, Mr. Chamberlain made no resistance, and, so far from waiting to be served with a process in the courts, declared in his farewell proclamation (not to the people, but to the Republicans, of South Carolina) that there was no court in the State which had jurisdiction to pass upon the title to his office. He accused the President of evading his duty of ascertaining which of the two rival governments was the lawful one, "by a new interpretation of the Constitution, at variance alike with the previous practice of the Government and with the decisions of the Supreme Court." He was also very severe on the doctrine which he had heard somewhere "that if a majority of the people of a State are unable by physical force to maintain their rights, they must be left to political servitude." He intimated that he would have been glad to lay down his life in opposing this doctrine, except that such a course would involve the lives of those whom he represented. He accordingly turned over the records and papers of his office to Governor Hampton, on demand.

The Louisiana Commission have not yet made much progress with their work, their time being mainly occupied with hearing statements and arguments of all sorts relating to the duplicate governments, and these cannot be expected to do more than show how much actual support Packard has. A great mass-meeting was held on Friday in New Orleans, at which resolutions of a very strong yet temperate character were adopted, proclaiming the devotion of the people to the Constitution, the Union, and the Amendments; professing an earnest desire to obliterate all bitter feelings between North and South, as well as black and white; demanding the right of self-government; declaring the government of the last four years a usurpation, "never elected by the people of the State, never voluntarily acquiesced in, established originally and maintained throughout its career by the military power of the Federal Government, and different from a direct military government only in name and in the particulars of its greater extravagance and unbridled corruption, utter unfitness of persons entrusted with its administration, its contemptible weakness and inability to enforce the laws or to protect the rights of the persons and property of its citizens, and the greater hatred and contempt with which it was regarded by the people"; that its results have been nothing but discord, disorder, disregard of law and the rights of person and property, and the repression of business enterprise; that the Nicholls government is the lawful government of the State, supported by the general recognition of the public, while that of Packard's is a mere *simulacrum*, without substance or support, and kept alive in appearance only by United States troops. The resolutions go on to express confidence in the President, to promise a cordial reception of his commission, to request the withdrawal of the troops, to promise order and good government; and, finally, declare that

"With a deep sense of responsibility, with a full recognition of all our obligations as citizens of the Union, in no spirit of threatening or braggadocio, with a profound consciousness of the power of the Federal Government and of our inability to resist it, but with the conviction that no calamity can possibly befall us more considerable than the ruin and disgrace of longer subjection to usurpation, we invoke the considerate judgment of the American people upon the resolutions which we here solemnly declare: Never to submit to the pretended Packard government; never to pay it a dollar of taxes; never to acknowledge its authority, but to resist it at every point and in every way, and to require that every demand which it may make upon the obedience of the citizens shall be enforced only by a present physical power which we are incapable of resisting."

Of course these resolutions will strike different people in different ways, but no one can dispute their vigor. In their careful avoidance of unnecessary offence, their dignified insistence on acknowledged rights, their unexaggerated description of grievous wrongs, and their appeal to our generosity and forbearance on the ground of common ties of blood, of history, and of country, they cannot but remind us of other remonstrances and declarations that have come down from the past and form part of the most cherished political possessions of the race. Theirs is not the language of "banditti" or "ex-rebels," but of American freemen.

Mr. Schurz's new civil-service rules provide for a board of enquiry into appointments, promotions, or removals, to be composed of three members selected from the clerks of the Interior Department of the highest class, or from the Patent Office examiners: the first to be selected by the Secretary, the second from a bureau indicated by the Secretary, and the third to be designated by the head of the bureau immediately concerned; the two first to serve three months, and the last only during the continuance of the particular investigation for which he is appointed. This board is to have general powers of investigation and recommendation, with a view to appointments, promotions, and removals, but all their decisions are to be subject to the approval of Mr. Schurz. This is very good as far as it goes, and may work well enough under Mr. Schurz, but under some successor of his the machinery may be easily abandoned, or the board converted into a political machine. The attempt to reform the civil service now being made by Mr. Hayes's Administration is begun partly under better and partly under worse circumstances than that of eight years ago. In its favor there is the honest determination of the Executive to establish it on a firm basis; the balanced state of parties, which makes it for the first time since the end of the war possible to interest both of them in a distribution of the patronage on rational principles; and, lastly, the disgust of the public with the existing evils, deepened by the reckless contempt for public opinion which their accumulation for the past two terms has shown. On the other side there is against it the scepticism always produced by the failure of a first attempt, and the lack of time for establishing the reform on a lasting foundation which the refusal of Mr. Hayes to be a candidate for a second election will necessarily cause. The present system has been built up for forty years, until the habit of regarding offices as spoils has become part of the mental constitution of the people, and it is this habit which must be changed before any lasting reform can be hoped for. It will require, as we pointed out during the late campaign, when both candidates were pledging themselves to retire at the end of four years, a long, settled alteration in our political customs to change this political habit of mind; and it will not be until the bad habit is replaced by a good one that the danger will disappear of a rapid reversion to the old state of things under the influence of some new administration not filled with the spirit of reform.

The large number of postmasters in Government employ makes the question of their appointment an important part of the subject of civil-service reform. In theory they have been appointed in part by the President, in part by the Postmaster-General, and in part by the latter's assistants. Practically, as every one knows, postmasterships have been to a great extent the reward of party "workers," bestowed according to the dictation of members of Congress. At Fremont, Ohio, the home of Mr. Hayes, a step was taken recently which, as it received in advance the approval of the President, may indicate the initiation of a new method. Upon recommendation of a Republican mass-meeting a popular election was held, and a Mr. Krebs receiving 255 votes, against 245 votes for all opponents, was appointed by the President. Perhaps no better

method than that of popular election could be devised for the appointment of postmasters of all small towns and villages, it being understood before election that the appointee should not be removed except for "cause." For all large cities and towns direct appointment by the President or Postmaster-General would, of course, be preferable to popular election.

The slight majority of the Democrats in the next House has led to a good deal of discussion in the newspapers as to the organization of it, and has been marked by the appearance on the scene of the hitherto humble official known as the Clerk of the House in the surprising character of Constitutional organizer of that body. It appears that this gentleman—whose name, we believe, is Adams—is supposed by some mysterious process to have obtained the right to give the new House any majority he pleases, by the simple process of striking off or putting names on the roll. Wishing to know where Mr. Adams got this authority, we turned to a copy of the Constitution, and discovered to our amazement that there was no mention of Mr. Adams in that document, and no reference to the office of Clerk, while the only provision bearing on the subject was that each House should be the judge of the returns and qualifications of its own members. Turning next to Cushing's work, we were still more astonished to find that nothing was said there about the Clerk's duty of organizing the House; but it is laid down that his modest business is to "keep a record of the proceedings," to authenticate and keep in his custody papers, and to sign bills. As a matter of fact, these are his duties, and he has no more to do with the organization of the House than we have ourselves. When the House comes together it will proceed to organize itself, and the following principles are well settled and universally recognized in all civilized parliamentary bodies: First, every person duly returned is a member, whether elected or not, until his election is set aside; second, contesting claimants who are both returned as elected in due form have no rights of any kind until the question between them has been decided; and, third, the members in possession of single legal returns, and these only, constitute a judicial tribunal for the determination of all questions as to seats. These principles, as Cushing well says, are "founded in the very nature of things, established by the uniform practice and authority of Parliament, and confirmed by reason and analogy." The notion that the Clerk of a House which has ceased to exist can upset them is one which was long ago upset by another and a greater Adams, when he said, "I will put the motion myself."

The talk about the "Administration Speaker" of the new House when it meets for the extra session has considerably diminished during the past week, and it is now said that Mr. Garfield, who is to receive the caucus nomination of his party, has no hope of being elected by the aid of Democratic votes. The reason for this is, of course, that the Democrats have thus far managed to make the President's Southern policy appear quite as much a Democratic victory as a voluntary and patriotic scheme of his own. The correspondence of Messrs. Foster and Matthews with the Southern leaders shows that while the former no doubt did exactly what they ought to have done, and what the best interests of the country demanded, as mere politicians they were beaten. In order to defeat the game of the filibusters and ensure the completeness of the count they made positive declarations under their own signatures as to the probable character of Hayes's Southern measures, so that practically the South and the Democrats are enabled to say, and do say to the new Republican Administration: We ask nothing from you, but we demand the fulfilment of promises which, though vague in terms, were perfectly understood between us—promises which had been made once already by General Grant, and which we forced your friends to make as a condition of your term of office. Mr. Hayes having come in the way he did, Democratic support has become far more necessary to him than help from him has to the Democrats. The able Southern leaders of the

party in Congress will now exert their utmost efforts to use him for their own purposes, and the notion that they will consent to a Republican organization of the House, which means a Republican Speaker, evenly divided or Republican committees, and an opening for a deadlock on every important question, puts a very great strain upon our credulity. As to the choice of Speaker, it seems now to lie between Messrs. Randall, Saylor, and Cox. There are plenty of objections to all of these. Mr. Cox is altogether too amusing, Mr. Saylor is sometimes unreliable, and Mr. Randall, notwithstanding his excellent behavior during the last session, is still suspected of a leaning in the direction of the Southern Pacific subsidy. Any one of the three would be quite as good as Mr. Garfield, who labors under the disqualifications of being a violent partisan, and of having been the object of "charges" with regard to two jobs. It should not be forgotten, also, that he was requested by the President to remain in the House and not run for Senator, on the ground that his services were needed there to "aid in the pacification of the South," a task which he can probably better perform as leader of the Republican minority than in the Speaker's chair, if, indeed, the South is not pacified when Congress meets.

A recent letter from Mr. F. P. Olcott, Comptroller of this State, forcibly illustrates the necessity of civil-service reform in State as well as in national affairs. A portion of the school-fund of the State is derived from the sale of public lands, and upon one thousand bonds given in exchange for public lands, and varying in amounts from \$2 to \$20,000, and making altogether the sum of \$375,000, Mr. Olcott believes that there is owing to the State no less than \$200,000 in unpaid interest. He gives these figures as matter of opinion only, the accounts, which fill eight volumes, and some of which began as long ago as 1813, being "chaotic" and unreliable. Again, the United States Deposit Fund, which amounts to more than \$4,000,000, and the income from which should be applied also to educational uses, is mostly loaned upon mortgages through the commissioners of the several counties. These commissioners are by law directed to exhibit all their books and papers annually to the county boards of supervisors, which in turn, after careful examination, are to report annually to the Comptroller. In 1876 only four of these reports were received by the Comptroller, and Mr. Olcott states that it is "a very unusual thing to receive as many as ten" in any one year. As the number of counties in the State is sixty, we are not surprised at Mr. Olcott's assertion, that as to the condition of this enormous fund he can say nothing. Again, the State owns 135,954 acres of land, exclusive of village and city lots, and although in the list of State property may be found almost "anything, from a brown-stone house with all 'the modern improvements' to a hovel on the banks of the canal," nevertheless the State receives from this source no income whatever, nor can the Comptroller find in any department a schedule of the lands of the State showing whether they are occupied or not, nor any department which collects the rents of such as may be occupied. The Comptroller's request for a small appropriation for the employment of a competent lawyer and a book-keeper to unravel these tangled accounts should certainly not go unheeded.

The attack made by the *World* upon the management of St. John's Guild has resulted in the adoption of tactics on the part of the Rev. Mr. Wiswall which bear a close resemblance to the tactics of Mr. Delano in defending his Indian mismanagement against "a Mr. Marsh." Mr. Wiswall has insisted on having all the charges against him fully investigated, but has also insisted on himself appointing the investigators. An independent examination of the Guild's accounts has, however, been undertaken by the City Commissioners of Accounts, with results not favorable to the management. One of the commissioners has submitted a report to the effect that it is "impossible to make an examination of the financial affairs of St. John's Guild," for two reasons: First, "That all moneys received by St. John's Guild, whether from the city treasury or other

sources, have been deposited in the personal or private bank account of the Treasurer of the Guild in connection with his private business affairs, and there are no means of determining the sums belonging to the separate interests; Second, That the Treasurer of the Guild has not kept any books during the past three years, except such books and accounts as have been prepared for the purposes of this examination since the action of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, and which cannot be accepted as books of original entry."

Early in the week the chief official representatives of the Trunk Line Railroads concluded their conference by an agreement which has for its object the maintenance, during the summer, of fair rates. This agreement permits the Baltimore and Ohio to carry Western products to Baltimore at three cents per 100 lbs., and the Pennsylvania Railroad to carry these products to Philadelphia for two cents per 100 lbs.—less than the New York Central and the Erie charge to New York. The differences against New York are apparent rather than real, as they are more than overcome by the advantages which this port has in ocean freights. The representatives of the coal producers and carriers have also held several conferences, but they have found it much more difficult to adjust their differences, and have finally agreed on the policy of controlling prices by restricting shipments to tide-water—that is to say, they have agreed that instead of sending 10,000,000 tons to tide-water during the year 1877, they will send only 8,000,000. This they expect will cause an advance of 50 cents per ton in the price of coal by the first day of June. An attempt was made to create a firmly-united combination which should put in the hands of one agency all the sales of coal at tide-water, but it failed, as did also the attempt to establish penalties for shipments to tide-water in excess of the percentage allotted to each company. The public have little faith in the effectiveness of the arrangement made. The week witnessed a revival of apprehension of war at an early day between Russia and Turkey. The financial markets were less disturbed than were the trade markets, although in London consols fell $\frac{1}{4}$ and gold here advanced $\frac{3}{4}$ of 1 per cent. There was a decline in cotton and a sharp advance in breadstuffs and provisions. Without doubt such a war would, for a time at least, promote activity in trade in this country. The U. S. Treasury notified the holders of another \$10,000,000 of 6 per cent. bonds that they will be paid off ninety days hence in consequence of further subscriptions to the new $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. bonds. Mr. Sherman has given notice that the legal-tender notes which were exchanged for subsidiary silver coin shall, as the law directs, be kept in a special fund. As this has not been done, the \$10,000,000 notes having gone into the general currency balance, it is given out that he may find it necessary to sell gold to replenish the currency balance. In some quarters this is, amusing as it may seem, called "a step towards resumption." Silver closed at $53\frac{1}{2}$ to $53\frac{3}{4}$ d. per ounce in London. The gold value of a $412\frac{1}{2}$ -grain silver dollar at the close of the week would have been \$0.9049; the gold value of a paper dollar (the promise of the Treasury to pay one dollar) was, at the close of the week, \$0.9478.

The text of the Pope's Allocution delivered to the cardinals in secret conclave last month has come out, and is more forcible, though not less vituperative, than these documents usually are. He denounces the Italian government as a "usurping government," and accuses it of all manner of evil designs against the Church, and "casts a retrospective glance on the laws and decrees" by which it has during the last seven years endeavored to carry these designs out. His principal griefs are the suppression of the religious orders, which deprived him of hosts of "worthy workers"; the prohibition recently directed against forming new religious communities or admitting new regulars; the subjection of theological students to the conscription; the seizure of the papal patrimony, and the substitution for it of "slender assignments subject to the eventualities of the times and the caprice of governments"; the conversion

of ecclesiastical edifices to profane uses, and the withdrawal of public education from the hands of ecclesiastics. The crowning insult and vexation is, however, the law lately passed to restrain "abuses of the clergy," which makes punishable any public clerical censure of any act of the government, and any language, writing, or other act calculated to "disturb the peace of families." He says he cannot govern the church under these restrictions, and that it is hypocritical on the part of the Italian Government to pretend that he can, and lays down the proposition that "the Roman Pontiff neither is, nor ever will be, free under the dominion of an extraneous power." He draws a most gloomy picture of the general condition of the world, and says he is resisting as well as he can all the evil influences of the day, and closes by predicting once more that his enemies will come to a bad end.

The French Government has introduced a bill remodelling the French tariff, and accompanies it by a report which is interesting apropos of our remarks in another column on the Commercial Treaties. The report says that all the Chambers of Commerce in France have been consulted with regard to the working of these treaties during the last fifteen years, and that "the great majority of the Chambers demand the renewal of the treaties as alone capable of giving the stability so necessary to the national industries, for they are only increased and developed in proportion as a certain future is ensured for them." The minority of the Chambers do not object to the principle of the treaties, but ask that it be embodied in a revised tariff, and not left in the rigid and exceptional form of a contract with a foreign power. The revision of the tariff in this sense will be a formal and doubtless irrevocable committal of France to the policy of free-trade. The report accompanying the bill, indeed, admits this in express terms. It says: "The time has come to recast our general tariff, and repudiating the old ideas of isolation and antagonism and reprisal, to mould the duties in accordance with the requirements of our consumers and our ports, with the well-considered interests of our industries, and with the wish now shared by all enlightened men, to consolidate the situation that fifteen years of the practice of a régime of moderate commercial liberty have created for our country."

We have often called attention in these columns to the strong resemblance which our civil service bears to that of the Turks, so strong, indeed, that if our system were not of very recent origin, and had not, in fact, grown up under the reporter's eye, historical investigators would be disposed to find in it signs of Butler's and Morton's Asiatic origin. The leading feature of both—appointment through caprice or favor, and dismissal because some other man wants the place—is the same, and in this they differ now from the civil service of all Christian powers. It is, therefore, somewhat amusing to read in the Constantinople correspondence of the *London Times* that there is a split in the College of Ulemas over the change introduced by the new constitution, which makes office-holders irremovable during good behavior. Some of the ulemas are furious over this, and denounce it as "impious and Satanic," and contrary to the precepts of the Koran, which requires that every Mussulman should have a chance at the offices. The Sheikh-ul-Islam is, however, in favor of fixity of tenure, and refused lately to hear protests against it from some of the minor ecclesiastics, who think it a weak, fanciful foreign invention. It must have been some American ulema who got up the story that President Hayes would consider a man's having filled an office faithfully for eight years presumptive evidence that he ought to be dismissed. There is a flavor of the Koran about this. It could only have occurred to a Mussulman fanatic that the way to get government business transacted in the best manner was to give notice to all officers that the more familiar they became with their duties, and the longer they had displayed their fidelity in discharge of them, the more liable would they become to expulsion, because the only argument by which such a rule could be justified would be the famous one that "there is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet."

SOME QUESTIONS FOR THE PRESIDENT'S OPPONENTS.

THE opponents of Mr. Hayes's policy at the South may be divided into three classes: first, the hot partisans, who care little or nothing about the colored population as such, but who look on the colored voter as a result or trophy of the late war, and like to see him vote at every election, not for his own sake, but as a sign that the Southerners got the worst of it, and are all the more eager to have him exercise his political rights because the white men do not like it. To this class hostility to him or hindrances offered to him at the polls, or restiveness under his political rule, are symptoms of disaffection, indicating the danger of "a new rebellion," which should be met with a strong hand. To them, also, the Southern white is an irreclaimable person, whose thoughts do not turn on agriculture or commerce or law or medicine, but on murder and massacre and deception, and whose professions are to be treated simply as those of a criminal in danger of arrest. There is no kind of politicians more familiar to the student of history than this one. In Ireland he is the Orangeman; in Italy he used to be the Austrian; in Turkey he is the Turk; in England he was the old Tory, who thought the best remedy for Irish or colonial discontents was "a d—d good thrashing, sir." He always has some portion of the human race in his eye of whom the devil has got entire possession, and on whom anything but physical constraint or terror is thrown away, and whenever by any unhappy chance he has been able to lay hold of a civilized government for any great length of time he has with all but certainty brought down ruin on everybody concerned.

The second class is composed of the honest zealots who labored for the emancipation of the slaves so long, and had so terrible a struggle in persuading people that a black man had the qualities and rights of a human being, and became so familiar with the horrors of slavery, that the negro has undergone a sort of transfiguration in their minds, and appears to them as almost certainly right in any conflict with his old masters. That they who once opposed him with a view to using him as a beast of burden, should now oppose him simply in the interest of civilization and to save their property from being spoiled by him, is a proposition containing so strange an association of ideas, and requiring so much readjustment of their moral vision, that they cannot grasp it. Feeling in themselves no change in the source of their interest in the negro, they cannot imagine any change in the source of the Southern white man's hostility to him, and are ready to use the same means to keep him in power which they would have used to deliver him from bondage. The conception of him as a free political person, with just such a social status as his qualities give him, and just as full enjoyment of his political rights as he is able to assert for himself, is too unfamiliar to be easily received.

The third class is the great band of political knaves and adventurers, without fixed convictions on any subject, but ardent advocates of any measure or idea which seems likely to be popular, whose rise into prominence or importance within the last seventeen years has been so greatly due to civil troubles and abnormal conditions of government that a return to order and legality seems to them to promise degradation or extinction. We do not think it worth while to include in this class persons like Patterson, the carpet-bag Senator from South Carolina, whose career and mental processes are more fitting subjects for examination by the policeman than by the political critic, and who engage in politics for purely predatory purposes. But we do include in it restless spirits like Butler and Blaine, to whom what may be called real political questions have little or no interest, and who find the study or discussion of them, or any political work of a constructive character, dull and forbidding, but to whom politics as a game of attack and defence between two parties is very interesting. To these men whatever gives an aleatory character to the game, or increases the excitement, in the shape of room for the play of arbitrary power or opportunities for dramatic situations, or, in short, presents government in the light of a huge adventure or plot, is very welcome and very dear.

We also include in it persons like Wendell Phillips—if he does not constitute a genus in himself; to him political criticism is a simple performance in public, which has no more to do with facts or doctrines or policy than the libretto of an opera, and he has accomplished his whole object when he has drawn a laugh or applause from an audience. To all of them Hayes's Southern policy is as distasteful, and distasteful for the same reasons, as specie payments, or civil-service reform, or any other reform of the day. Reform means, on the whole, an increase of certainty and uniformity in human affairs, the diminution of disturbing influences in all fields of activity, and, in short, the cultivation of regularity as a great social good. For this reason no man who makes a living or reputation by "hits" or "fights," and hates study and ratiocination, is really a friend of reform as it is now understood. He feels about it as the old knights felt about gunpowder—that it will make individual prowess worthless. This class have come to look on a President who cannot overturn a State government, or clap a governor in irons, or a Senator who cannot distribute post-offices, or a collector who is confined to collecting duties, as a mere dolt, the sickly product of a debased civilization.

All this, if true—and we do not think it will be questioned or contradicted—accounts for the fact that those who are opposed to non-interference at the South have not as yet, except poor Mr. Boutwell, who was pooh-poohed, ventured to offer any detailed substitute for the course the President is pursuing. They make a great flourish of vague phrases, like the inflamed doctor of divinity at the Methodist Conference the other day, about protecting the colored man in the enjoyment of his rights, but they carefully avoid working out their plan as they would put it into practice were they charged with the execution of the laws, and with the command of the troops, for instance. Here are some questions which present themselves to Mr. Hayes as nakedly possible, but to which his critics take care not to formulate any answer: "What am I to do when my protection is claimed by a State majority which, even if legally entitled to the government, acknowledges that it is unable either to seize or retain it by physical force, and can mention no time when it will be, and is also unable to execute any law? Shall I in such a case install one set of claimants in the State-house, and uphold them there for an indefinite period while talking and drawing salaries, the rest of the State meanwhile being given over to anarchy? Where is the precedent for such a course? Shall I at the same time charge myself with the police of the State and exercise all the real power of government, in mercy to the unfortunate people? If so, where is my authority for such a course? Where are the troops with which to carry it out? In what respect would a State so administered differ from a province? Finally, did government by helpless majorities, without even education or intelligence on their side, ever enter into the contemplation of the framers of the Constitution as bodies which the United States would be obliged not simply to help but maintain in power?" Let us by all means have an end to rhetoric, and poetry, and blatherskite, and receive a sober answer to some of these pregnant enquiries.

A CURIOUS CHAPTER IN FRENCH COMMERCIAL EXPERIENCE.

THE last number of the *Journal des Économistes* has a striking article, by M. G. P. Desroches, on the industrial experience of France since 1827, and particularly since 1860, the date of the experimental approach to free-trade made by the Treaty of Commerce contracted in that year with England. It is full of instruction for nations which are going through "hard times" and can find no adequate markets for their commodities, and is, in fact, a forcible sermon on the text, which many people find it so hard to understand, that countries which will not buy cannot expect to sell; which, M. Desroches says, is as true as that very deaf people do not talk much. France came in 1815 out of twenty years of tremendous wars, which had destroyed the flower of her population, and

under a prohibitory system which almost cut her off from commercial intercourse with the rest of Europe. There were no custom-house returns published until 1827, and from that year until 1847 her progress was naturally very rapid. All Europe was at peace, and she was busy, as the politicians say, "in building up her waste places." Her imports and exports in the twenty years increased 109 per cent., and this under a strictly protective system. In the next ten years, however, still under the protective system, there was a heavy falling off, partly, no doubt, owing to the fact that this period covered the Revolution of 1848, and the *Coup d'état*. Foreign trade only increased fifty-four per cent. In 1860 the Treaty of Commerce was made with England, and followed by similar treaties with Belgium, Italy, Austria, and Germany, and during the ten years from 1857 to 1867, seven of them belonging to the régime of free-trade, foreign trade increased sixty-eight per cent. To appreciate the importance of this, however, it must be observed that the French protectionists were fully as well grounded in the faith as those of this country, held precisely the same doctrines and preached them with the same fervor. When the treaty with England was imposed on them—for imposed it was by a high-handed exercise of arbitrary power—they made exactly the predictions which we are familiar with in the United States touching the consequences of a lowering of the tariff. They said, in the first place, that free-trade was a cunning British notion, concocted for the impoverishment of the rest of the world. They said, in the next place, that if the sliding scale of duties on grain were abolished, by which the French farmer had his protection graduated by the market price, he would be ruined and let his fields lie fallow. The returns show that the area of French soil laid down in grain increased steadily from 1857 to 1870, and the price remained unusually steady, but has risen since the war, and the yield per acre has considerably increased. They said next that the admission of foreign cattle would ruin French cattle-breeders. One orator in the Chamber declared that "he would as soon see an invasion of Cossacks as of foreign cattle." The importations of these cattle amounted in value in 1860 to a little over \$11,000,000. They rose steadily to over \$34,000,000 in 1872. They have since fallen off a little, but amounted last year to \$23,000,000, and yet the price of meat has been rising all the time. What has become of all this immense addition to the French meat supply? Why, Frenchmen have eaten it, to the great benefit both of their bodies and souls. In Paris alone the consumption of meat which, with a stationary population, only increased six per cent. between 1856 and 1859, increased twenty per cent. between 1860 and 1866, though the population only rose from 1,664,635 to 1,825,271.

When the free-traders told wonderful tales of the impetus that would be given to the exportation of wine by the treaty the protectionists ridiculed them. Continental countries, they said, had their own wine, while the coarse tastes of the Englishmen wedded them firmly to the fiery port and brandy and the stupefying "palale." Well, in 1859 France exported 2,533,077 hectolitres of wine; in 1874 she exported 4,122,195. Then they said that the admission of English iron would close all the French furnaces, rolling-mills, and foundries. In 1856, however, France produced 923,200 tons of pig-iron, while in 1872 she produced 1,217,838. In 1856 she produced 568,700 tons of railroad iron; in 1872, 754,381 tons, while the production of natural steel rose within the same period from 142,993 quintals to 1,300,884; of cast-steel from 47,213 quintals to 80,798. There have been good years and bad years in the interval, of course, but the progress has been steadily upward, and never so rapid as since the Franco-Prussian war. The value of tools, machinery, and cutlery of French manufacture exported in 1866 was \$9,830,000; in 1875 it was \$22,108,000. The protectionists said, too, that to admit English and Belgium coal would ruin the already small French coal-mining completely. But the quantity of French coal raised in 1856 was 79,257,000 quintals (the quintal is a little over 220 pounds), while in 1874 it was 169,079,000, and the price had risen at the mouth of the pit from 1.29 francs to 1.65. The foreign supply has been ab-

sorbed, in short, by the increasing demands of French industry, and the demand for the French products has grown all the same, for while in 1856 the horse power of the steam-engines in use in France was only 405,686, in 1872 it was 924,045.

The more ground they surveyed, of course, the gloomier their forebodings were, and they asked mockingly where was the market to be found for French cotton and silk and woollen manufactures if brought into free competition with the products of the cheap coal and machinery and pauper labor of England and Belgium. But here again the facts are full of curious comfort. The exportations of French silk goods amounted in 1858 only to \$75,720,000; in 1875 they amounted to \$96,822,400. In the same period the exportations of French cotton goods rose from \$13,400,000 to \$16,935,000, and those of the woollen goods from \$31,220,000 to \$71,400,000. One strange feature in this table is that while France imports more cotton goods from England than from any other country she also exports more to England than to any other country. To the protectionist mind this is a most mysterious circumstance; the explanation is, however, very simple. France exports the kind of cotton goods she makes better than England, while England exports the kind she makes better than France.

Then there was "the pauper labor" of England and Belgium to be guarded against. The French protectionist has his "pauper labor" in foreign countries, just like his American brother, against which he has to protect his own industrious, self-respecting, and comfort-loving workman, whom he of course pays highly. Well, the "pauper labor" was let into the French markets in 1860, but somehow the wages of the self-respecting, highly-paid French artisan did not fall. Wages in every department of industry rose between 1853 and 1871 from 31 to 52 per cent.; those of the weavers, for instance, 39 per cent.; iron-workers, 37 per cent. During the same period the number of savings-banks has risen from 570 to 1,172, and the amount of annual deposits from \$23,999,836 to \$53,932,985. The statistics of the railroads, telegraph lines, and post-offices all tell the same story of steadily-increasing prosperity, the wonderful results of which are, indeed, manifest enough in the French recovery since the war. In fact, there is no more striking illustration in economical history of the magic there is for industrial purposes of letting an ingenious and industrious people alone. Of course, in the teeth of facts like this the efforts of some protectionists to have the Treaty abrogated after the war were unsuccessful. It was renewed in 1873, and we shall probably never again in our time see France defended by legislation against the "pauper labor" of nations not so blessed as she. In fact, the determination grows stronger every day to urge the paupers of all regions to bring in their goods.

THE WEAK SIDE OF THE HISTORICAL METHOD.

THE "historical method" is the idol of contemporary thinkers. Its influence cannot be denied. The habit of viewing men, opinions, and institutions in the light of their history has revolutionized the art of criticism; has varied even the popular estimate of past ages and historic characters; has given a new shape to controversies which, like the dispute concerning the existence of innate ideas, date from the dawn of philosophic speculation; has colored the phraseology of political theories, and has turned the course even of revolutionary movements. Add to this that the study of the past, combined with the historical mode of thought, has, in the case of many important questions, shifted the burden of proof from the shoulders of the assailants to those of the defenders of prevailing opinions. Thus, it is now the author who maintains the credibility of early Roman history who is justly called upon to make out his case. Not a century ago a person who doubted the truthfulness of the first book of Livy was under all the disadvantages which rightly encumber the maintenance of a paradox. What is true of purely speculative questions is also true of what may be termed practical enquiries. The assailant of existing institutions finds himself freed from the burden of disposing of the presumption in their favor arising from their mere existence. For the so-called historical spirit has come to his aid and shown that, whatever the actual merits (*e.g.*, of the law of primogeniture), it owes its origin, not to

considerations of expediency, but to social conditions which have passed away. The ingenuity with which writers such as Blackstone invented plausible reasons in favor of every detail of the curious anomaly called the English constitution amuse but do not impress a generation who have learnt that the presumptions on which the legal apologist based his pleas are groundless. Here, as elsewhere, the historical method, without directly confuting received beliefs or prejudices, avails to undermine the foundation upon which they rest. Nor can it be doubted that a mode of speculation which has achieved so much is destined to produce further fruit when applied to fields which it has as yet scarcely touched. That, in short, the historical method has exerted and will exert immense influence cannot be denied by any person who has a right to an opinion. But candid judges, while admitting this to the full, may be allowed to reflect that all "methods" have their limitations, and tend to produce results which are not wholly good. The historical method is, after all, to us not more than syllogism was to Aristotle, or than induction was to Bacon. Yet neither the deductive nor the inductive method has revealed all the secrets of the universe, and blind devotion either to the one or to the other has not been found conducive to the ascertainment of truth. It is at least, therefore, worth while to consider whether the historical method has not also its limitations and may not produce some evil as well as good.

To discover what is the exact limitation to the value of the historical method is not difficult. It gives, and can only give, an account of opinions or of institutions. It does not afford and cannot afford direct information as to the truth of the former or the value of the latter. Now, of all the enquiries which can be made concerning a dogma or belief the most essential, and indeed the only vital one, is whether it be false or true. Of the enquiries which can be made concerning a law or institution, the most essential and the only vital question is whether it be or be not conducive to human happiness. To neither of these enquiries does the historical method give a direct reply. That this is so may be seen on a moment's reflection. Take, for example, the dogma of Papal infallibility. An historian may show the stages of its growth, the circumstances of the time in which it originated, the influence under which it has received its portentous development; but he does not deal directly with the enquiry whether Pius IX. be the inspired oracle of heaven or the propagator of one of the most enormous lies which have deluded the world. So, again, it is obviously one thing to explore the whole history of the American Presidency, from its origin down to the present day, and quite another to estimate the merits or demerits of Presidential government. Yet, for the interest of mankind, it is of far greater importance to determine whether the Pope be or be not infallible than to ascertain the steps by which the dogma of infallibility advanced to its present position; and it is, for Americans at least, far more important to understand the virtues and faults than to ascertain the history of Presidential government. Better examples might probably be found than those we have given, but they will suffice to show our readers what is meant by the assertion that the historical method cannot answer directly the enquiry either What is true? or What is expedient? and that these two questions are the most vital that can be asked or answered. The assertion itself is in fact so obviously true that it would in words hardly be disputed, but it is one the whole weight of which is often neglected in practice, though admitted in theory. The devotees of the method may admit its limitations, and yet the whole of their speculations may suffer from neglecting to take into account the deficiencies of their method. The truth is that in this as in other instances men devoted to a particular mode of thought neglect or shun questions to which that mode is not appropriate. Writers who trace throughout the course of ages the varying phases of a belief are apt to become indifferent to the question of its truth; and knowledge of every stage through which an institution has grown is often combined with a carelessness or incapacity for analyzing its value.

A contrast may in this instance serve as the best of illustrations. Let any one who wishes to realize the change introduced by the historical method ponder over this passage from Bentham:

"But is it never from any other considerations than those of utility that we derive our notions of right and wrong? I do not know; I do not care. Whether a moral sentiment can be originally conceived from any other source than a view of utility, is one question; whether, upon examination and reflection it can in point of fact be actually persisted in and justified on any other ground by a person reflecting within himself, is another; whether, in point of right, it can properly be justified by a person addressing himself to the community, is a third. The two first are questions of speculation; it matters not, comparatively speaking, how they are decided. The last is a question of practice; the decision of it is of as much importance as that of any can be."

This we see at a glance is the language of another age than ours. The

words we have underlined shock modern historical taste. The tone is audacious, aggressive, and uncritical; but the writer goes straight to his end—he thrusts subordinate considerations aside, and the point at which he aims is really the point of vital interest. Contrast this with what would be the manner of a modern writer—compare it with the "sweetness and light" of Matthew Arnold, or the fluent amiability of Mr. Lecky. In manner and critical acumen our modern writers have certainly an advantage over the uncritical directness of authors of the eighteenth century; but can any one mark the changed tone of modern controversy, and dispute that if historical criticism has assuaged polemical bitterness it has also tended to deaden the care for truth? In the contests of opinions, no less than of armies, you cannot for ever escape a battle; a campaign cannot be wholly settled by a constant system of outflanking opponents.

If the historical study of opinions has tended to deaden the zeal for truth, the historical investigation of customs and institutions has had a strictly analogous effect in deadening the fervor both of speculative and of practical reformers. Society, we are constantly told, is an organism, and the inference is either directly or indirectly insinuated that all we can do is to study the growth of society, and not bother ourselves with vain attempts to influence its development. This state of feeling, again, may be illustrated by a contrast:

"Let us remember that political institutions (however the proposition may be at times ignored) are the work of men—owe their origin and their whole existence to human will. Men did not wake on a summer morning and find them sprung up. Neither do they resemble trees, which, once planted, 'are aye growing' while men 'are sleeping.' In every stage of their existence they are made what they are by human voluntary agency."

These words were indeed published in 1861, but Mr. Mill, when he wrote according to the dictates of his intellect, and not under the influence of feeling, represented the tradition of the eighteenth century. That political institutions are the work of men was a truth so impressed on the thinkers of that age, that they ran into the fallacy of believing that what men had created during the course of centuries they could unmake and create again within the space of a few years. What is striking in the passage we have cited is that a manifest truth is put forward as something which modern readers will doubt, and with a consciousness on the part of the writer that what once was held a truism will now be received as a paradox. A generation who more than half believe that institutions "grow," like plants, are not likely to be vigorous reformers. Add to this that the historical mode of thought saps indignation at moral evil and aversion to intellectual error. Everything has its history: vice has its annals no less than virtue. All things may be historically accounted for, and what is "accounted for" seems to many minds more than half justified. The Massacre of St. Bartholomew fills an ingenuous youth with horror. Historical criticism teaches him that the slaughter of the noblest men in France was the natural outcome of the condition of feeling in the sixteenth century. Advancing a little further, our student learns that the perpetrators of the massacre were not much worse than the rest of the world. History is already busy with the crime of the 2d of December. The next generation will smile with complacent pity at the uncritical indignation felt by their fathers at the *Coup d'état*. The fallacies, again, of protection or the commercial system astound young men just beginning to read Adam Smith. The historical method soon teaches them, and with truth, that these errors were natural to the age in which they flourished. So far, well. The fear is lest the student pass from exaggerated contempt of ancestors who were deceived by palpable errors into the feeling that a fallacy which is accounted for stands much on the same level as a truth which has been vindicated. In any case, the error which has a history ceases to excite quite the same contempt as the folly which stands forth in its naked absurdity divested of all the dignity derived from what may be termed historic descent. Reformers are, after all, an uncritical and not an historically-minded race. Bentham laid down the principles on which English law has been reformed, but he certainly did not appreciate the historical causes of legal fictions. The Abolitionists, if they destroyed slavery, had not, it is probable, carefully studied the gradual historical development of the institution. Luther struck the strongest blow one man has ever struck at the power of the Papacy, but was, it may be feared, wanting in the sympathetic insight needed to appreciate all that may be said from an historian's point of view in mitigation or in favor of the sale of indulgences. From such errors the historical method will save future generations. The most noxious weeds have a course of development which, no doubt, repays study. The only danger is that students should forget that, though weeds may be studied, it is still more necessary that they should be pulled up from the roots.

THE DIPLOMACY OF THE PROTOCOL.

PARIS, March 29.

THE mission of General Ignatieff is the almost exclusive topic of interest. The general himself is the lion of the day. He is still young, though nearly bald. People try to read the secret of the future in his Slavic face, in his soft and at the same time piercing eyes, in the odd smile of his thick and almost sensual lips. His talk is incessant, full of simplicity, of grace, of apparent spontaneity. Just as other diplomats screen themselves with silence, he defends his inner thoughts with words, surrounding himself with their dust and disorder. He has what we French call *esprit*, and he likes it in others. He was explaining to somebody that Russia had no evil intentions towards Turkey; quite the contrary, if she asked Turkey to make reforms, it was for her own good; Russia really wished to put Turkey "dans du coton." You mean, said his interlocutor, "dans du fulmicoton"; and the general could not help laughing heartily. At times he professes to have full instructions from his court and to be carrying peace or war in his portmanteau; at other times he is simply thinking of one of his eyes, which is ailing—though Count Shuvaloff seems not to have been able to remember so far whether it is the left or the right eye—and it is simply taking advantage of his visits to the great oculists when he pays his respects to Prince Bismarck or to the Duc Decazes. How could he help going to England? Doctor Liebreich now lives in London, and Lord Salisbury offered him the splendid hospitalities of Hatfield. There is no hypocrisy in this language, or rather in these variations of language. Everybody knows in Russia that the inheritance of the chancellorship which has been held so long by Prince Gortchakoff is disputed between Count Shuvaloff and General Ignatieff. They are rivals, and this is the reason why it was difficult for General Ignatieff to go to London and to interpose between Count Shuvaloff and Lord Derby. This rivalry has been very fortunate, as there has been a sort of race for peace between the ambassador ordinary and the envoy extraordinary. The terms of the famous protocol which has been so anxiously waited for had been agreed on between Shuvaloff and Lord Derby before General Ignatieff crossed the Channel.

I could not help during the last few months remembering a passage of the Chevalier de Gentz's on Russian diplomats, which I found in the volumes of his inedited despatches, published by Count Prokesch-Osten:

"I have known," wrote Gentz, "all the Russian diplomats who have played any sort of a part in Europe. I have known some very intimately; I have found among them, as it was likely I should, men of eminent merit, mediocre men, and many men below mediocre. But, what has constantly struck me, has been an *attitude of independence* which the Russian ministers and agents carry everywhere, in their opinions, in their language, often in their policy, even in the most important affairs—an attitude which I consider a singular phenomenon in an absolute government, and especially under a sovereign who has a personal superiority like the Emperor Alexander. Each Russian minister in Europe seems to have a way of thinking of his own, a way of speaking of his own; if you have the means (as I often have) to compare what this Russian diplomat has said, for instance, in London, with what this other has said in Paris, in Madrid, in Berlin, in Constantinople, you will always be surprised to find not shades of difference more or less marked, but a diametric opposition between the words of one and the words of another. You will find, in the same epoch, the most inconceivable disparities—peace, war; alliance, counter-alliance; philanthropy, despotism—mixed up in the oddest manner; and I defy whoever is able to know these contradictory versions to draw out of them an *ensemble* or an instructive notion on the true intentions of the Russian cabinet.

"This fact, well ascertained, offers us two interesting lessons; the first is this: We must never attach too much importance to what the Russian agents in foreign courts, and even the best accredited, say or advance, either in good or in bad part; we should often be wrong if we became too uneasy after a threatening speech; we should also be wrong if we went to sleep on soothing words. The second lesson, and the most essential, is this: In order to know and to judge of what Russia thinks, wishes, meditates, prepares at this or that particular time, we must go to the highest source; we must learn how things are regarded and treated in the cabinet of the Emperor, and as much as possible—as we might even err if we formed an opinion on cabinet documents—how the Emperor looks at things personally. This is not always easy I well know, and this difficulty is perhaps one of the reasons of the extreme divergence we notice in the proceedings of the various agents of Russia: they are almost all much more strangers than is commonly believed to the secrets of their court."

These words are probably as true at the present time as they were when Gentz wrote them; they certainly are, as far as my limited experience can show me. If we followed the rule of Gentz, we should conclude that the question of peace or war in the East, which has now occupied the whole of Europe for months, is actually wholly shut up in the brain of Emperor Alexander. He has spoken but once, in a moment of great anger, when he heard of the threatening attitude of Disraeli and of the defeat of the Servians; he then spoke *ab irato*, and for the first time pronounced the word of the Slavic cause. The Moscow speech made an immense sensation, but ever since we have heard nothing said in the same vein. At the Conference General Ignatieff was all softness and gentleness; but would

not melt in his mouth. Lord Salisbury found himself, to his utter bewilderment more anti-Turk than the Russian ambassador. But all the talk of the Conference, all the protocols in the world, throw but little light into the gloom of the Imperial silence. I was conversing a few days ago with a Russian who was long in office, but who now prefers the banks of the Seine to those of the Neva, and I asked him if public opinion would be contented in Russia with a diplomatic success, with an empty protocol. "Public opinion!" said he; "we have but one public opinion in Russia; it is the will of the Emperor." And my interlocutor is not a courtier; he is an independent thinker himself, one of the men of whom Gentz speaks, who allow themselves all possible liberty of expression and of speculation.

A few days ago all was joy and exultation; peace was assured, peace was made. Russia had not insisted on any limitation of time in the protocol, and she consented to wait indefinitely till Turkey should make her reforms. The vague threat of future coercion expressed by the great Powers against Turkey was so feeble as to amount to nothing. We are saved for a year was the universal cry, and we are saved again by Russia. Two years ago, at Cracow, Alexander told the Emperor Wilhelm that he would not like to see the peace of the world disturbed and France attacked without any provocation on her part. This year Russia, having advanced a large army on the Pruth, quietly consents to abandon her military projects. She has spent large sums in effecting the mobilization of her army, and she condescends to ask no interest for her capital; and we all candidly admit that this is a new service which Russia is willing to render to France. She knew that when once war was begun in the East, Germany would be free in her movements, and she had reason to fear that Germany waited for an opportunity to pick a quarrel with France. I cannot tell how much truth there is in all this; but I know that while yesterday all seemed bright, to-day all looks dark again. There is something rotten in the protocol, something which somebody will not sign. The rumors about France, which have become chronic, had assumed so much importance that Prince Bismarck telegraphed last Sunday to Count Münster in London, while Ignatieff was still there; he told the ambassador of Germany to assure the Queen and her Government that there was no truth in the accusations which had been spread against Germany, that Germany had no intention to take advantage of the difficulties of other Powers and to make an unprovoked war on France. It is easy to understand why Prince Bismarck went so far as to make this declaration. The negative concert which had taken place in the Conference at Constantinople between England, France, Austria, and Russia was continued in London, and would take a more positive form in a protocol. This concert had peace, not only peace on the Danube, but universal peace for its object; and if Russia consented to withdraw from her position in the Eastern question, it was only because she had seen that the Eastern question was merely a screen for the European question. The protocol was, so to speak, a European declaration in favor of peace. If it was to be signed, Prince Bismarck himself had better make a spontaneous declaration in favor of peace; and it might just prove that this spontaneous declaration would help to cool both England and Russia, and to make the signature of the protocol more difficult.

This may all seem very intricate to you; but it will appear very clear to any one who should persuade himself that the Eastern question is one which has never been treated on its own merits. There are Turks, and there are Bulgarians and Serbs, and great and long despatches are written on the bad government of Turkey; but, after all, the governments of Europe do not take a thoroughly Christian or philanthropic view of this subject. Turkey has been placed in their common trust, and when the trustees wish to quarrel, they first quarrel on the subject of Turkey, which is ever ready, ever open. The government of the pashas is like a heap of stone on a road—you may always pick up one to throw at somebody; but you don't even think of picking it up if you have no quarrel with anybody and are going your way quietly. So far as Russia is concerned, I hold with Gentz that her projects are but imperfectly known by those who have not the means of penetrating the inner thoughts of the Czar himself.

A RUBINSTEIN OPERA.

MUNICH, March, 1877.

ONE of the most remarkable phenomena in the musical world is the fact that England and Russia have always shown such a great interest in music, and so liberally patronized artists, while yet they have never had composers of their own who could be ranked with the first German, Italian, or even French composers. In the case of England, Puritanism is gene-

rally mentioned as the chief cause of this state of affairs. No music was tolerated in the church even, and still less in the concert hall or on the stage. This is so no longer, but other causes—the excessive formality in manners and social intercourse, as well as the great prevalence of a political and commercial spirit among the higher classes—are still in operation. In Russia the lack of composers has not been so noticeable, because that country has never particularly distinguished itself in any other art, or in literature, or in science. But, while England is still awaiting her musical Messiah, Russia has now given to the world a composer of whom even Germany might be justly proud. In fact, he possesses all the thoroughness or depth, as well as the wealth of ideas, which characterizes German composers, while at the same time he is distinguished from them by a peculiar national Russian tone which pervades his compositions and makes them all the more interesting and original.

Several years of intimate familiarity with the compositions of the Russian pianist have convinced me that next to Wagner he must be regarded as the most original and comprehensive, the most dramatic and spontaneous of living composers, bearing in mind that Gounod, Verdi, and Saint-Saëns, Liszt, Brahms, and Raff are all living and flourishing. In view of this fact it may not be uninteresting to examine how far Rubinstein shares in those tendencies of modern music which have their fullest expression in Wagner's compositions. I shall do this at the risk of giving offense to "full-blooded" Wagnerites by comparing the object of their hero-worship with a Jew. For Wagner is, besides a "swallow of formulas" and of Frenchmen, also a notorious swallow of Jews. His essay on "Judaism in Music," at a period when the Mendelssohn fever was at its height in Germany, brought him more enemies than anything else he wrote. Among other things it caused that sudden and startling revolution in the opinions of Hanslick, the famous anti-Wagnerian critic, who formerly was a professed admirer of Wagner, but who unfortunately happened to be a Jew as well as author of a book on "The Beautiful in Music," in which, to quote Wagner, "modern Jewish music was set up as the properly beautiful in music." It may have been Wagner's essay which influenced Rubinstein in staying from Bayreuth last summer, although I do not think that his music shares those characteristics which Wagner condemns in the compositions of Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer.

In one respect Rubinstein stands in strong contrast to most modern composers. In music, as in all other things, the principle of division of labor has asserted itself. Chopin, for instance, devoted himself almost exclusively to compositions for the piano. Robert Franz confined himself to the lyric field, and a few hundred songs are about all we possess of him. Even Wagner, though in one respect most cosmopolitan of artists, in that he unites in his person the poet, musician, scene-deviser, conductor, stage-manager, and author, has yet devoted his musical energies to one special department—the operatic and dramatic stage. But Rubinstein, after the fashion of the masters of the so-called classical school, has endeavored to give expression to his feelings in all the various forms of absolute or pure instrumental music, as well as in lyric song, opera, and oratorio, in which the music serves as interpreter of the added poetry. Of his four symphonies, the two best—the "Ocean" and the "Dramatic" symphony—have been heard in America, and are, in the opinion of many, the most important works of that class which have appeared since Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. The too-much-neglected species of chamber music he has enriched by a number of trios, quartets, an octette, and a sextette, Op. 97, this being his latest composition, which was performed a few weeks ago for the first time at St. Petersburg. There is no class of pieces more interesting than duos for piano and violoncello, and yet their number is sadly limited, owing, perhaps, to the fact that a good performer on the 'cello is indeed a *rara avis in terra*. Besides several short morceaux, Rubinstein has written for piano and 'cello two magnificent sonatas, besides two concertos for 'cello and orchestra (also arranged with piano). These last are, in my opinion, the finest compositions of the kind in existence, being so well adapted to the character of that most emotional and voice-like of all instruments as to suggest the idea that Rubinstein must be as familiar with it as with the piano. Finally, his compositions for piano solo are very numerous, though usually as difficult as interesting. Americans may be interested in the fact that his Opus 93 contains some variations on "Yankee Doodle."

Wagner's view, that the art of the future is to consist in a union of poetry and music, derives not a little support from the remarkable fact that lyric song is almost entirely a product of modern times. Schubert, Schumann, and Franz, the great song-writers *par excellence*, are all post-Beethovenish. The hundred or more songs which Rubinstein has written entitle him to be ranked with those artists. His songs are in general

characterized by a spontaneity and rich flow of melody which strongly remind one of the inexhaustible Schubert. The dramatic spirit which pervades the compositions of the Russian pianist makes one naturally expect him to try his skill also in oratorio and opera. "Paradise Lost" and the "Tower of Babel" are the names of his two oratorios. An interesting fact in connection with the latter is that it is put into scene, and destined not for the concert-room but the stage. No previous composer had ventured to do this, because narrow religious prejudices were opposed to the introduction on the stage of stories from the Bible, even when set to music. But our times are more liberal in that respect, and we should greet with open arms an innovation that will deprive the oratorio of that element of monotony which has made it unpopular in the eyes of many musical people.

For the Russian stage Rubinstein composed several short operas, which, however, being youthful and immature productions, have not been successful outside of his native land. But he has also written two grand operas for the German stage, the last of which, "Nero," will be brought out this season for the first time in Hamburg. The other, "The Maccabees," was last year performed for the first time in the Berlin Opera-House, when it was warmly received, and has since then retained a prominent place in the repertoire. It has also been well received at Hamburg and at Pesth. But it has often been observed that an opera or drama which is received with enthusiasm in one German city will in another make a fiasco, or "fall through," as the Germans say. "The Maccabees" was brought out here in Munich this winter, and had a mere *succès d'estime*—that is, one could see at the first performance that the applause was merely such as the reputation of the composer and the excellence of the performance commanded. This seems strange; for Berlin is much more conservative in art than Munich, where Wagner's operas compete in popularity with Hofbräuhaus-beer. But this last fact may account for the fate of "The Maccabees" here. Rubinstein being a modern composer, the worthy citizens of the Bavarian capital expected to hear a music-drama *à la Wagner*. But "The Maccabees" is not a music drama, for the libretto partakes too little of the nature of a drama, the action is too much interfered with by choruses, and the music does not closely enough interpret the words. Nor, on the other hand, is it an opera, for it contains no arias, duets, or ballets, and is, in fact, something more than a "concert in costume," which is Wagner's definition of an opera.

What, then, is "The Maccabees"? Properly speaking, it should be called an oratorio put into scene. As in an oratorio, the predominant element is the chorus, and in this respect it somewhat reminds one of Weber's "Euryanthe," although the choruses in this opera are not nearly so grand, so inspiring, and free from commonplaces as those in the "Maccabees." But the too great predominance of the chorus interferes with the proper individualization of the *dramatis personæ*, which is essential to a good opera or music-drama, and it also causes too much stagnation in the dramatic action. There are, indeed, a few places, as at the end of the first and third acts, when the dramatic action, the words, and the music unite as in a music-drama proper, and produce great effect; but there are not enough of these places. Perhaps the weakness of the libretto is in great part responsible for this. It was not written by the composer himself, but was furnished by Mosenthal, the Metastasio of the XIXth century, who made a profession of writing opera-texts. Now, the inability to procure good librettos has always been the curse of opera-composers. It is well known that it was due to this fact alone that Mendelssohn wrote but a single fragment of an opera. In view of the inferiority of this class of literature in general, it is impossible to suppress one's indignation at the quibbling of certain German critics of Wagner's "Ring des Nibelungen." If there are imperfections in that poem, when judged from a purely literary standpoint, it is nevertheless as superior to all other opera-librettos as Dickens's novels are to Beadle's dime-novels.

But although, from the standpoint of the music drama, "The Maccabees" is open to criticism, when viewed as an oratorio on the stage it occupies a very high rank. The music throughout is of a lofty character; the instrumentation, if not very original, is chaste and effective, and some of the choruses are not inferior to Handel's—to a modern ear are superior to them as regards originality of phrase-ending. Some of the monologues and choruses are rendered interesting by a peculiar Oriental coloring, and an ancient Jewish tone. The quartette of the priests of Minerva and the warlike march are extremely characteristic. "Leading-motives," to indicate characters and situations, are used to a slight extent, although in general Rubinstein anxiously avoids anything which could bring upon him the charge of imitating Wagner. Noticeable, however, in this composition is the absence of the traditional aria, and the substitution for it of the end-

less melody, which, however, Rubinstein gives to the vocalist, while Wagner gives it to the orchestra.

In every respect "The Maccabees" is an interesting work, and we earnestly commend it to the attention of American musical associations. It is true that the leading societies in Boston seem to be guided by the principle that it is a cardinal sin to produce the works of a living composer, but New York is more cosmopolitan in her tastes: and if Wagner's "Walküre," as might have been expected, lost much in interest by being performed without its stage accompaniments, I am certain that "The Maccabees" would not lose as much of its value if produced in the concert-hall. The work is difficult, but even if it could not be brought out with four of the Bayreuth vocalists and the best-trained chorus in the world, as here in Munich, yet I doubt not that some prominent New York society could do justice to it.

Correspondence.

RAILWAY ACCOUNTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your last week's *Nation* suggested the organization of a commission for the purpose of revising and dissecting railway accounts, and to prescribe some method by which they may be kept.

For three years I have, on behalf of the merchants of New York, as organized in the Cheap Transportation Association and kindred bodies, urged the passage of a bill which I drew, and of which I send you a copy. I also enclose an *Argus* of March 28 containing the report of a lengthy speech made by me before the Railway Committee in urging the passage of the bill.

Three years ago I drafted and urged upon the consideration of the Legislature another bill for the purpose of securing minority representation in railway boards, so as to prevent the capture of railways by a controlling interest and the utter exclusion of the minority not only from the government but from all knowledge of the method on which the business is conducted.

I say to you in the words of Wallenstein: *Spät kommt Ihr, doch Ihr kommt.*—Respectfully yours,

SIMON STERN.

NEW YORK, April 2, 1877.

Notes.

SCRIBNER, ARMSTRONG & CO. are about to republish 'The Wit and Wisdom of Hayti,' a collection of proverbs of Haytian or African origin, made by Mr. John Bigelow during a visit to that island in the winter of 1854. Specimens of these proverbs Mr. Bigelow has already made public in *Harper's Monthly*, and they promise a volume of no little interest.—Macmillan & Co. have nearly ready Matthew Arnold's 'Last Essays on Church and Religion,' a volume uniform with his 'Literature and Dogma.' The New York agency of this house will remove on the 1st prox. to No. 22 Bond Street.—A 'History of the College of New Jersey,' by ex-President Dr. John McLean, and 'Outlines of Etymology,' by Prof. S. S. Haldeman, are in the press of J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A new novel by Gail Hamilton, 'First Love is Best?' is announced for next month by Estes & Lauriat, who also intend issuing a new and uniform edition of this author's former works. They will shortly publish 'Jack,' by the author of 'Sidonie.'—G. P. Putnam's Sons have in hand, under the title of 'Academy Sketches,' a brochure containing fac-simile reproductions of drawings, by the artists themselves, after one hundred of the principal pictures in the National Academy Exhibition now in progress. A well-known art-critic will furnish descriptive notes. The fac-similes will generally be larger than those of the illustrated catalogue. The publishers intend, if this venture meets with the encouragement which it deserves, to repeat it for every spring exhibition.—In the forthcoming number of the *International Review* Gen. Francis A. Walker will begin a series of important articles on the organization and administration of the Centennial Exhibition.—A lecture delivered in Washington last week, at the opening of the summer course of the National Medical College, by Dr. Elliott Coues, U.S.A., has deservedly attracted attention not only by contrast with similar addresses, but for its mode of treatment and "advanced" views in discussing the bearings of anatomical science on the question of the origin of species and man's place in nature.

—The impossibility which every nation finds of making at our world's fairs a complete exhibit of its resources, or it may be any but a very one-sided exhibit: the desire, again, to apologize for the meagreness of what is represented by showing that which goes unrepresented; and lastly, the hope, among new or backward countries, of stimulating immigration and the investment of capital, all combine to set the statisticians at work and to promote statistical enquiry. From one old and backward and one brand-new country we have received documents thus evoked by the Centennial. Mr. De Zamacona, President of the Mexican Commission at Philadelphia, sends us the Special Catalogue of the Mexican Section, and two other brochures, of native manufacture—viz., 'The Republic of Mexico in 1876' and a 'History of the Mexican Railway.' The first gives a political and ethnographical description of the population, their languages, manners, and customs, dress, occupations, etc., and is illustrated with curious colored plates of the various classes and races (where photography would have served a more useful purpose), a *carta etnográfica*, and specimens of the national music (dance and song). The English of this production has, unfortunately, so suffered between the translator and the *La Esmeralda* printing-office that it frequently offers real difficulties to the understanding. The English (by the same hand) of the account of the Mexican Railway is still somewhat erratic, but the typography is much better, and the press-work very good indeed. Numerous lithographic plates from photographs show the principal engineering triumphs of this difficult line, and the text fully acquaints the reader with the history and material resources of the regions which it traverses. Portraits of the engineers and projectors of the road (a truly international achievement) and a good map leave nothing to be desired in the way of information. The motive of Mr. G. H. Reid's 'Essay on New South Wales, the Mother Colony of the Australias,' corresponds with that of the colony itself in contributing to the Exhibition—a 'supreme anxiety for men, not custom.' His perspicuous and well arranged paper strengthens the forcible impression which all the Australasian exhibits made on observant visitors at the Centennial; and, except the reckless use of percentages of increase, especially in comparison with the progress of other countries, we find nothing delusive in Mr. Reid's array of facts and figures. The population of New South Wales could find standing-room in a field of 120 acres, while it is in fact scattered over 207,000,000 acres. This sparseness, and the peculiar topographical formation which makes the coast rivers short and the interior rivers the chief highways—leading, however, out of the territory, so that, for instance, about 47,000,000 pounds of wool grown along the river Murray cross the border annually into Victoria—have caused metalled roads and railways to be the chief preoccupation of the country in the interest both of postal communication and of commerce and settlement. The railroads already constructed across the divide between the coast country and the interior have cost upwards of \$80,000 a mile, but it is hoped that \$35,000 will be the average cost hereafter. With all their internal improvements, however, "the people of New South Wales are less burdened with taxation than perhaps any other in the world"; "the lion's share of the increase in the public revenue being from the sale and occupation of the Crown Lands." The government is based on manhood suffrage. We have not space to dwell on the mineral and agricultural and pastoral richness of this young state as set forth by Mr. Reid. A map of the colony and a panoramic view (1870) of Sydney and its harbor, of unsurpassed beauty and capacity, add considerably to the value of this attractive work.

—"R." writes us from Boston: "I venture to call your attention to an inaccuracy in the Paris letter in your last number (April 5). Your correspondent states that 'there was no tie whatever between the Talleyrands and the last Duke of Montmorency, whom I knew.' It so happens that Count Adalbert de Talleyrand-Périgord, to whom Napoleon III. accorded the title of Duke of Montmorency, was nephew to the 'last Duke,' being a son of his sister Alice. The other members of the family protested against the new creation, on the ground that Count Adalbert was only one of several representatives in the female line, and that a junior branch of the male line was still in existence."

—"The annual boat-race between the two universities," writes a correspondent from London, under date of March 25, "has had this year an unprecedented result—namely, a 'dead heat.' The closeness of the struggle made the race a particularly beautiful one, the prettiest, I am told, that has been rowed for many years. This was my consolation for getting up in the gray dawn of a particularly acrid March morning, and journeying forth to stand for an hour in the fierce, raw wind that sweeps over Barnes Bridge. The race, this year, took place at an unusually early hour—nominally, at a quarter to eight. This fact, together with the prospect of a rainy morning, thinned out the customary crowd; but the concourse of people seemed to

me very vast, and in a certain way very impressive. It was a great proof of the 'muscularity' of the English race, and of the touch of nature which makes all classes akin here being admiration for the power of doing something wonderful with one's legs or arms. When one reflected that the closely-packed thousands that lined the river-bank, and encumbered the stream in barges and wherries, were assembled to witness twenty minutes' boyish sport on the part of a few young gentlemen engaged in book-learning at college, one hardly knew whether to laugh or to feel very solemn. I suppose, certainly, that it is the thing in the modern world which gives one most of a hint of what the Olympic games may have been. It is very true that certain elements in the scene are but slenderly Olympic—the dingy, British mob, with coal-smoke ground into its pores, the dank suburban landscape, the low and dusky sky, the taverns, the railway bridges, and the Thames mud. But when the two boats came shooting down the stream, spreading their simultaneous oars like great white, water-skimming birds, with eight-feathered wings, and followed closely by the three densely-laden steamers—the umpires, the universities, and the press—which are allowed to attend them, I suspect the sight is as stirring as any that Greece had to show. Next to being on one of these steamers—a privilege inaccessible to the vulgar—the best position for the spectators is on the railway bridge at Barnes, for admission to which, by special train from Waterloo, you pay a sovereign. Of course but a moderate portion of a four-mile course is visible from any one point; but the spot in question is the one point from which most can be seen. For a long time yesterday morning we breakfastless hundreds stood there cooling our heels, with nothing but the shoving and shifting barges and the crowd on the towing-path to see, and nothing to swallow but the bitter March wind. The start of the crews was delayed more than half an hour, and we had a great many false alarms; but at last we knew they were off, though for a good while we could make out nothing but the shining upper reaches of the stream itself. Little by little, however, the two boats became visible, vaguely gleaming in the grey light, and becoming rapidly distinct and larger. After they had once come well into sight, Oxford leading and Cambridge three-quarters of a boat's length behind, our own admiration for the splendid pace at which they were going (the tide was dead, but the wind was against them and the water not smooth) was tempered with regret. It was provoking to be losing so fast so beautiful a sight. For some moments, however, from the bridge, we had it directly under our noses. Nearly three miles of the course had been rowed and Cambridge was, although not losing ground, not recovering ground already lost. The uproar from the shore and the bridge—the shouts, and howls, and conflicting adjurations—swelled and deepened, and (along the shore) was caught up as the boats advanced. As they passed under the bridge they were, from side to side, wonderfully close together, but Cambridge was still behind. Then it was that, seen from high above and much foreshortened, they looked, as I have said, like great birds grazing the water with their bellies. There was something very picturesque in the way the three low, black steamers, abreast, looking ugly and hungry, came crowding on their quivering wake. It looked much less like a race than like a chase. The Oxford crew seemed magnificent—eight shining young giants. They were larger men than their rivals, and, so far as I could see in so short a space of time, they seemed to be pulling a grander, smoother stroke. They passed under the bridge, and we all surged with an inarticulate roar to the further parapet. It was between here and the finish that the fortune of the race changed. So long as the two boats kept in sight the advantage was still with Oxford. Cambridge seemed extremely plucky, but decidedly overmatched. She splashed more or less, which her rival didn't. The boats rounded the turn towards Mortlake, and we lost sight of them, taking for granted that Oxford had kept ahead to the end. At the end of a quarter of an hour the dark-blue steamer was hoisted from the bridge on top of the light one, and we were presently despatched back to London in the faith that there would be lamentation, a few minutes later, at Trinity and Jesus. But on arriving in London we learned that an accident, inappreciable from the bridge, had damaged the advance of Oxford. Her bow had split or in some way injured his oar, and had been unable for the last half-mile to feather it, or, indeed, practically use it. The Cambridge boat had caught up, though Oxford, with but seven oars, had kept her from doing more, and the two boats had touched goal together. It was a beautiful race—very powerful for Oxford, very plucky for Cambridge."

—The death, on the 4th of March, of Mr. George Odger, the English Radical, was followed two days later by that of Dr. Johann Jacoby, of Königsberg, an equally disinterested friend of the workingman, and a consistent advocate of constitutional liberty. No German, indeed, has had a greater share in the ultimate triumph of constitutional ideas in his

country than the author of the 'Four Questions' ('Vier Fragen, beantwortet von einem Ostpreussen'; Mannheim, 1841), yet, on his death, the verdict of even the Liberal press of Germany classes him with the idealists and "unpractical" politicians to whom Mr. Odger has been consigned. Excepting, however, the purity of character which marked them both, there were few points of resemblance between the self-taught English laborer and the accomplished German scholar. Dr. Johann Jacoby, indeed, was a physician and physiologist of no ordinary merit, although his scientific achievements were naturally overshadowed by his activity in the political sphere. He was that rarest of German revolutionists—a thoroughly logical and self-possessed thinker, and in the display of these qualities lay the secret of his power. In his 'Four Questions' he argued, with judicial calmness, the right of the Prussian people to the constitution guaranteed them by Frederic William III., and he practically demonstrated his faith in the justice of the reigning king by sending him his anonymous pamphlet, and disclosing himself as its author. His confidence, however, was ill-rewarded; Frederic William IV. had him tried for treason, and he was sentenced to three years' imprisonment; but an appeal to the superior court resulted in his acquittal. In 1848, as a deputy in the National Assembly, he addressed to the king the now-famous words: "It is the misfortune of kings that they do not want to hear the truth"—a bold utterance, indeed, on the part of the Jewish physician of Königsberg. Equal candor prompted his 'Preussen im Jahre 1845,' 'Das Königliche Wort Friedrich Wilhelm's III.,' 'Die Grundsätze der preussischen Demokratie,' and other publications, which repeatedly led to his imprisonment. With the growth of Prussian power the influence and popularity of Johann Jacoby declined. He denounced the war of 1866 as fratricidal, just as, in 1870, he opposed the forcible annexation of French territory. For the latter offence he was imprisoned, by order of General Vogel von Falckenstein, in the fortress of Lötzten. In the last years of his life the new order of things crowded the inflexible defender of abstract right into comparative obscurity. He was, however, devoted to his science to the last, while his sympathy with the socialist movement took a more definite shape. He submitted with philosophic resignation, in his seventy-second year, to the operation which resulted in his death.

—Hardly any form of historical investigation is so instructive as that of bringing past events to the test of the economical and scientific principles of the present day. This has been attempted for the peasants' wars of the Middle Ages, in 'Der deutsche Bauernkrieg mit Berücksichtigung der hauptsächlichsten sozialen Bewegungen des Mittelalters,' by A. Bebel. The author is a socialist of the school of Lassalle, who in some way has found himself an inmate of the prison at Zwickau, where he writes this book with the view of bringing history to the support of his theories. Having no library at his command, he does not aim at a complete and authoritative account of the insurrections; his aim is to suggest rather than instruct. Nevertheless, he appears generally accurate in his facts, and he has certainly made a very interesting book. Of course he confines himself to one aspect—the oppression and suffering of the time; an aspect perfectly true, only we must never forget that the picture had its bright side too, and this he ignores entirely. For him all barons are robbers, all priests hypocrites, and all *bourgeois* timid and selfish. Luther was a representative of the last class. There is a good account of peasants' insurrections previous to the great Peasants' War of 1524; rather meagre for the familiar ones of the *Jaquerie* and Wat Tyler; quite full and detailed for the hardly-known contests of the XVth century. If it is borne in mind that the book is one-sided and *doctrinaire*, it will be found interesting and instructive, especially if supplemented by some more impartial and scholarly view of the condition of the peasants, like those of Sugenheim and La Chavanne.

—Dr. Otto Blau, who was for eleven years German consul in Bosnia (1861-1872), and who has published a great deal about that province and its southern neighbors, has just brought out, in connection with Dr. H. Kiepert, an account of his journeys through these regions ('Reisen in Bosnien und der Herzegowina.' Berlin: Dietrich Reimer; New York: L. W. Schmidt). For the most part, Dr. Blau's narrative is a pure and somewhat dry topographical itinerary, but he is a many-sided observer, and a botanist of some distinction withal, and mingles his *pflanzengeographische* notes with remarks on men and manners and landscape in a very enlivening manner. He reports inscriptions on tombstones and other remarkable antiquities met with in his travels, and describes his struggles overnight with vermin and mice in an Alpine *Sennerei* as faithfully as he enumerates the earthquakes in Bosnia—three in 1866, four in 1867, three in 1868, etc. In making the precipitous descent from Trebinje to Ragusa, which is almost impracticable for horses, he stops to admire the swinging gait of the peasant girls of the neighborhood, who, market-basket on head, make their

way down over the cliffs as if they were no impediment. He dwells with pleasure on the picturesque surroundings of the stronghold of Jaitza, the old residence of the Bosnian kings, with its waterfall and its catacombs; shows us the pile-dwellers (Turks and Austrians of the Military Frontier) along the marshy banks of the Save; smiles at the dozen zaptiehs who, at Gradishka on the same Frontier, keep watch and ward over the dilapidated Turkish fortress and its two guns, and answer the Austrian "Werda?" (or "War do?") with a Bosnian version sounding very much like "Pardon!"—and, on the road from Gradishka to Banjaluka, gives us a humorous glimpse of invalids, men and women, standing with their clothes on in a warm spring up to their armpits (after having thrown in a coin to be fished out by the neighboring priests), and then coming out and running round the rock from which the spring issues until their clothes are dried. Dr. Kiepert, besides agreeing with the author on a uniform orthography, has compiled his itinerary and plotted it upon a map based on the new and unrivalled map of the Austrian Engineers, embracing all Serbia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro. The present map is much less extensive, but takes in the valleys of the Bosna, Verbas, and Narenta, with portions of the Save and the Drin. Dr. Kiepert also edits some rare and valuable denominational statistics for Bosnia.

—There is apparently no limit to the number of books about the Paris Opéra which the French are willing to read. Two new works are now in course of publication at the Librairie des Bibliophiles (New York: F. W. Christern). The first, 'L'Opéra, eaux-fortes et quatrains,' is to contain fifty etchings of the singers and dancers of the National Academy of Music, each etching accompanied by a descriptive quatrain. The etchings are from different hands and of varying merit, to judge from the two annexed to the prospectus, one of which is a vigorous portrait of M. Lassalle. Of much greater importance is the second work, 'Bibliothèque musicale du Théâtre de l'Opéra: Catalogue historique, chronologique, anecdotique,' by Théodore de Lajarte. Shortly after the burning of the opera-house in the Rue Le Pelletier, in 1873, the archives and the collection of musical MSS. were transported to the new Opéra of M. Garnier, and there, in the spacious galleries provided for the library, M. de Lajarte has classified and arranged the countless treasures of the only musical theatre in the world which has an unbroken history of over two hundred years. He found great confusion existing, but his industry has extracted the complete scores, with full parts for orchestra, actors, and chorus, of two hundred and forty-one operas and one hundred and ten ballets, besides innumerable scores of operas, ballets, symphonies, political cantatas, etc., of less importance or less fulness. These many MSS. he has catalogued in six chronological periods: 1671-1697, Lully; 1697-1733, Campra; 1733-1774, Rameau; 1774-1807, Gluck; 1807-1826, Spontini; and 1826-1876, Rossini and Meyerbeer. Three parts, containing the first three epochs and coming down to 1774, have now been issued; the portrait of the leading composer of the period, etched by M. Le Rat, is prefixed to each part. A statement of the composition of the orchestra at each period is also given. The works are recorded in the order of their first performance; particulars of the cast then and at subsequent revivals are added; important *morceaux* are pointed out; anecdotes of authors, actors, audiences, when pertinent, are appended to each title. At the end of each part are biographical sketches of the authors and composers of the epoch. The eight parts will make two volumes of about four hundred pages, and promise to be excellent specimens of thorough workmanship.

—A peculiar disgrace has overtaken the United States in the East in consequence of the bad character of its representatives, both in the diplomatic and consular service and in the employ of the native governments. The last instance of this has doubtless before now been brought to Secretary Evarts's attention, and we hope he is already prepared to name to the President a successor to Mr. Nathan J. Newwitter, United States Consul for Hiogo and Osaka. Hiogo is the port of Kioto, and last January the Mikado, in journeying to the latter city, was obliged to land at the former. Our precious consul first sought betimes to extend to his majesty and suite "the hospitality of the United States consulate at a private dinner" during his stay in port, but being politely rebuffed, on the ground of the Mikado's haste in passing through, he prepared an address which he endeavored to thrust upon the Mikado on his return from Kioto, and confidently communicated to the local press two days later (Feb. 7) as having been actually presented. In this address he professed to speak in the name of the Hiogo Municipality and of the foreign community generally; and as this made them responsible for bad grammar, bad spelling, ridiculous rhetoric, and sickening adulation, they were at once thrown into a state of great excitement. Mr. Newwitter being chairman of the so-called Municipal Council, a special

meeting was promptly demanded by his colleagues, including several of the resident consuls, and he was asked to explain by what authority he had assumed to speak for them, and who had "devolved upon him" the "pleasant and honored duty of welcoming" his Majesty. Mr. Newwitter made a very lame apology for his action—nothing more than his belief that he was merely expressing the sentiments of the Council; whereupon he was incontinently asked to resign. In the ensuing debate he stated that he had "had information from the Governor that an address on behalf of the foreign community would be acceptable"; but this was flatly contradicted by the British consul, who was authorized by the Governor to state that the proposal came from Mr. Newwitter and had been rejected, and that the latter nevertheless forced the address upon him in the railway station, when, out of good nature, he received it and pocketed it. It was also shown that the chairman had had plenty of time to consult his colleagues, in spite of his protestations to the contrary. In this question of veracity Mr. Newwitter fell back upon his dignity, saying his word was "on the same footing as that of Mr. Annesley or the Governor of Hiogo," and ended by declining to put the resolution requesting him to resign, on the ground that this had not been among the advertised objects of the special meeting. At the regular monthly meeting ensuing the resolution was renewed, but was declared out of order by Mr. Newwitter. Mr. Annesley then having introduced autographic evidence of the truth of his previous statements about the Governor's relation to the address, the chairman accused him of having had the expenses of a private ball paid for out of the public funds—a charge which was proved false on the spot. Mr. Newwitter, however, by holding fast to the privileges of the chair, remained master of the situation, and the Council at once dissolved by resignations, to form again with Mr. Newwitter out in the cold.

HARRIET MARTINEAU'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

I.

IT was the opinion of Miss Martineau that one of the duties of her life was to write her autobiography; and since she had held this conviction "from youth upward," as she tells us in the opening sentence, it was evidently based on general grounds, and not on anything thought especially important in her own career. It was equally her opinion that private letters ought not, with very rare exceptions, to be published. The trouble is that these combined theories if carried out would leave history absolutely in the hands of autobiographers. Contemporary letters are the one strong check on the mistakes of memory and the misrepresentations, deliberate or unintentional, of those who tell their own story. No one can continuously attitudinize in letters. Any one can attitudinize in an autobiography. For the sake of truth, therefore, and of mutual justice it is necessary to protest against the very foundations of Miss Martineau's biographical method.

Take an illustration. In one of the most delightful autobiographies ever written, that of Benvenuto Cellini, he records that when he was five years old his father pointed out to him a little animal like a lizard in the hottest part of a large oak-fire. Having done this the father gave the child a box on the ear, and added, "My dear child, I did not give you that blow for any fault you have committed, but that you may recollect that the little creature you see in the fire is a salamander, such a one as was never seen before, to my knowledge." "So saying," adds Cellini, "he embraced me and gave me some money." Nothing could be more detailed and precise than this incredible legend. If the father's letters had been preserved and published, we might know precisely what to make of it; but, as it is, the autobiographer has it all his own way. Yet this, after all, is a very trifling matter; salamanders have no sensibilities; at least, they must be early scorched out of them by their chosen element. But human beings may be placed by any autobiographer in a much more fiery furnace than ever sheltered a salamander household, and that without the slightest protection, so long as all private letters are to be suppressed.

It may be said that the high character and strong common sense of Miss Martineau would prove a guarantee against injustice. But these traits did not save her from some very intense prejudices, and it is not in human nature to do justice under such circumstances. Again, when a woman of fifty-three, who has led a very active and influential life, undertakes to tell her own story, she needs a memory like that of Macaulay to retain the precise details; indeed, Macaulay's 'Archbishops of Canterbury' were nothing, as a task, compared with the successive events of even a very commonplace life. Now, it was always the impression in regard to Miss Martineau, after her American visit, that while her vivid and

* Harriet Martineau's Autobiography. With Memorials by Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman. 2 vols. 8vo. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

active mind made her seek to present everything as a scene or a dialogue, the precise words and incidents often underwent much change in her hands. And if, in this book, we compare her citations of Sydney Smith's sayings, for instance, with the more authentic records of his own daughter, we find that Miss Martineau's habitual self-confidence was rather out of proportion to her accuracy. Her deafness may have had something to do with it; but, after all, it is a matter of temperament, and the most graphic and animated narrators are rarely the most precise. It is hard to find an instance throughout the whole book where Miss Martineau expresses a doubt, even after an interval of thirty years, of the verbal accuracy of a quotation. She is probably as accurate as most autobiographers; but very few are as trenchant and decided and self-confident.

So far as deliberate intention goes, this is doubtless one of the very honest autobiographies ever written; and in respect to careful self-analysis, it probably stands at the head of its whole class. This makes it eminently worth reading, and would make it eminently enjoyable but for the sadness which hangs over so much of it. Her early childhood was, by her own statement, "usually very unhappy"; at five, she attempted suicide; her childish conscience was in "perpetual torture"; from eight to fourteen she tried in vain to pass a single day without crying; she had "a hideous amount of fault and suffering" (i. 33). Her father is hardly mentioned in her early recollections, and she was so afraid of her mother that she was "habitually untruthful, from fear," toward that one person. All this lasted till she left home at sixteen, and by that time the "great calamity" of her deafness was beginning. These early discouragements render her later career more extraordinary, but they make its opening very sombre to the reader; and, unluckily, another shadow awaits him ere the close. There follows this opening, however, a maturity of brilliant achievement. After a few minor efforts, she attempted her 'Illustrations of Political Economy' at the age of twenty-nine. It was almost impossible for her to obtain a publisher for the proposed series. The condition finally made was that five hundred copies should be subscribed for before publication. Not three hundred subscriptions were ever obtained, but while the young authoress was quaking at home the advance orders for the first volume went on increasing—three thousand, four thousand—and, in short, her cares were over. "From that hour I have never had any other anxiety about employment than what to choose, nor any real care about money." Her life, as she elsewhere says, having begun with winter, burst suddenly into summer. Lord Brougham declared that the whole Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge had been "driven out of the field by a little deaf woman at Norwich." Soon the little deaf woman removed to London; was courted by lords, commons, and society at large. She wrote from her own experience a pungent essay on 'Literary Lionism,' which is deservedly reprinted by herself in these volumes. A taste of very complimentary persecution was added. At one time the Emperor of Russia had ordered a copy of her series for every member of his family, and Louis Philippe for every member of his; but 'The Charmed Sea' spoiled her market in the one case, and 'French Wines and Politics' in the other. The Emperor collected all his copies, burnt them, and forbade her the empire; the Austrian Government did the same, and some friends of hers who had in vain invited her to join them in a foreign tour, found her name placarded at the Austrian frontier as representing one of those not permitted to cross.

To those who read in childhood these delightful stories—passing lightly over the longer dialogues, and stopping short of the "summary of principles" at the end—it is possible to see, on maturer perusal, both their strength and their weakness. Graphic and dramatic they surely were, with an amazing local coloring, so far as landscape went, yet with a certain monotony of treatment. English peasants, Highland lassies, Demarara slaves, Dutch merchants, Siberian exiles, all talk in the same vein, all have studied in the same school. Then, as to the doctrines, we can now see that this young woman was as confident in urging opinions now exploded as when she dealt with the most axiomatic truths. Indeed, she owns this, with her usual candor. For instance, in regard to that volume which brought upon her most odium, 'Weal and Woe in Garveloch,' she now admits that Mr. Malthus's doctrines, to which she was devoted, "attacked the difficulty at the wrong end" (i. 159). To an American, accustomed to hearing his people berated for the alleged smallness of their families, there is something bewildering in a book which holds up one of its heroes to profound admiration for deliberately choosing lifelong celibacy rather than to be the parent of a child. But this was in accordance with the theory of Malthus, as preached in those days; and Miss Martineau had always the courage of her convictions.

It is in this connection that she devotes nearly six pages to a criticism

on her series which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for April, 1833. We have carefully read that article, and, while it undoubtedly contains several paragraphs that would not now appear in any decent journal, we are yet decidedly of opinion that Miss Martineau attached far too much weight to it. It must be remembered that the standard of periodical literature was then anything but refined, and things are reprinted to this day in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" of *Blackwood* which are quite on a par with those phrases of which this autobiography justly complains. But that it was deliberately intended to "destroy" her, as she says, or that Mr. Croker said at a dinner table that he had "begun by tomahawking Miss Martineau," we beg leave seriously to doubt. Whatever else may be said of the *Quarterly Review* in those days, when it undertook to tomahawk a person it went about it in earnest. In the very same number, on each side of the Martineau article, a more conspicuous victim was slaughtered without mercy; and if he came to life, in each case, it was only because editors are not all-powerful. Nine-tenths of the "attack" on the lady came within the limits of fair criticism. At the very outset the reviewer admits that "there is much which it is impossible not to admire in Miss Martineau's productions—the praiseworthy intention and benevolent spirit in which they are written, and the varied knowledge of nature and society, the acute discrimination of character, and remarkable power of entering into and describing the feelings of the lower classes." This is hearty praise, praise that covers a multitude of critical sins. But when the self-same periodical deals with no less men than Lord John Russell on the one side and Alfred Tennyson on the other, is any such weak yielding shown? Not a word of it. Lord John Russell's 'Causes of the French Revolution' is "a ridiculous essay"; the young poet is assured that "even after he shall be dead and buried as much sense will still remain as he has now the good fortune to possess." Nor is one extenuating reason shown why Lord John should not be consigned to the county jail and poor Tennyson to Bedlam. That was what the *Quarterly* did when it "tomahawked" an author. It does not show Miss Martineau's usual good sense that she should have found a deliberate attempt at her destruction in what was, for the *Quarterly*, a tolerably lenient review.

Annihilated or not annihilated, she contrived to lead a very pleasant life in London for some years. Her habits of life were these: She wrote her books by daylight, from eight or nine o'clock to two; received visitors from two to four; took an hour's walk; almost always dined out; and, after an evening visit or two, got home at twelve, and wrote letters till one or two A.M. She never made calls, though Sydney Smith advised her to "send round an inferior authoress to drop the cards." However, she saw everybody in London who was notable; and her sketches of these notabilities will be to us gossip-loving Americans the most amusing part of the book. Of those whom she especially loved, as Joanna Baillie, her descriptions are uncommonly sympathetic and charming. Of those whom she especially disliked, as Mrs. Kemble, Mrs. Austin, and Mrs. Jameson, the delineations are less pleasing, and, if compared with other contemporary reports, less just. But, after all, there was no figure in this circle more remarkable than Harriet Martineau herself, a young woman of thirty, into whose ear-trumpet philosophers dropped their theories and statesmen their plans, while she in return supplied, at their request, facts, theories, and themes. Thus passed her life from 1832 to 1834, when she came to the United States. That visit, with her later career, must be the subject of a separate paper.

The Life of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France. By Charles Duke Yonge, Regius Professor of Modern History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast; author of 'The History of the British Navy,' etc. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1876. 8vo, pp. 473.)—Mr. Yonge possesses in a high degree the art of narration, and has composed a graphic and interesting account of the life of Marie Antoinette. He is also painstaking and accurate in his facts. He does not, however, possess that indispensable quality of an historian—a sound and impartial judgment. He appears as, above all things, a panegyrist of the queen; he notes indeed some defects in her and some errors of judgment, but it is as the biographer, who has a right to regard them only as flaws in an essentially pure and noble character. It does not seem to occur to him that what were in a personal point of view trifling and pardonable defects were the source of serious and even fatal evils. For example, it is not a trifling matter in the eye of history that Marie Antoinette was the one chiefly responsible for the dismissal of Turgot. Perhaps not even Turgot could have saved France; but, at any rate, here was the rare good fortune of a statesman of the first order confronted with the evils which were precisely those with which he was best qualified to deal, and all brought to naught by the caprice of the queen. Again, in ordinary times, in the every-day relations of court and

family, it was a matter of indifference that a queen should feel herself removed an infinite distance from the mass of her subjects; she was kind, even beneficent, towards the poor *as poor*; but as fellow-creatures it could not enter her mind to conceive of any political relations towards them but that of ruler and subject. This was natural enough in the daughter of Maria Theresa and the Queen of France; it was the disability of the class to which she belonged, but none the less it was a fatal disability at this fearful crisis. As Von Sybel says: "She had no real interest in matters of state and policy." Mr. Yonge cannot understand how the populace of Paris could fluctuate as they did between blessing her for her charities and reviling her in the coarsest terms. But it is not so hard to explain. They blessed her when her charities came; when these were passed they saw only the queen, every fibre of whose being was aristocratic, and whose very charities were acts of condescension. More than this, they knew well, as Mirabeau said, that she was "the only man" about the king, and they gave her credit for all the shortcomings of the Government, often wrongfully, no doubt, but also, no doubt, in many cases rightfully.

It is one of the tragedies of history that a woman who deserves all her biographer's eulogies, who was qualified by her whole nature to be at once an ornament and a blessing to all connected with her, should be made to bear the weight of generations of misgovernment and tyranny, and be punished chiefly for the failures of others. Nothing strikes one so forcibly on reading these opening events of the Revolution as the crying need of a strong man. Turgot came too early; Bonaparte came too late; Mirabeau possessed the power, but lacked moral qualities which alone can inspire absolute confidence. More than this, one observes painfully how utterly useless would have been even the greatest qualities of statesmen with so incompetent and commonplace a man invested with absolute power as king. In fact, there is no healthier reading for those Americans who despair of republicanism, and cast longing eyes at aristocratic and monarchical institutions, than such stories as this of the French Revolution, in which it may be said that the real source of failure was that the nation was saddled with a most worthy but most incompetent king, of whom they could rid themselves only by cutting off his head.

Of all the characters of the day who aspired to lead events, Lafayette has of course the strongest interest in the eyes of Americans. With Mr. Yonge he is a pet aversion; and no doubt we must admit that his incompetence, in face of the monstrous problem of the time, was no less marked than that of the king—only Lafayette, like other leaders in succession, could be shelved when his incompetence was proved, while the king could not be. We, to whom Lafayette was so true a friend, have a right to choose the best side of his character for our contemplation, and to place the most favorable interpretation we can upon his motives. He was ambitious, no doubt; it was the ambition of one who really desired to be the preserver of his country, and really believed he knew the secret of its prosperity. After-events showed the poverty of his resources in face of a convulsion of society such as the world had never seen. It is easy to see this now; it was not so easy to see it then, and he, we may well believe, had a sincere and unselfish faith that he could be the Washington of France. It was as the friend and pupil of Washington that he undertook it; but in one thing he showed himself no faithful follower of his great model—a willingness to intrigue, to make use of disreputable tools and appliances, to commit unjust acts in hope of accomplishing some ulterior good. We need not gainsay his motives: it is only what our American politicians have reduced to a science. But he called into destructive activity forces which he was utterly powerless to control or guide. He did evil that good might come, and evil came instead.

An illustration of Mr. Yonge's one-sidedness of view is found in the tone in which he speaks of the parliament (p. 218). "The parliament of Paris, constantly endeavoring throughout its whole history to encroach upon the royal prerogative, had always founded its pretensions on its purity and disinterestedness"—words which cannot fail to carry the impression that this purity and disinterestedness were all a sham. No doubt the parliament at this epoch shared in the degeneracy which had spread through every department of the French government; but Mr. Yonge fails to recognize even its legitimate powers; and of its early history, of the times when, as Thierry says, "it regarded itself with pride as a power invested with the guardianship of the public rights, mediator between people and king, moderator between crown and church, preserver of the laws and regulator of all the jurisdictions of the kingdom"—the times when it was the sole bulwark against absolute and arbitrary power—he shows no appreciation whatever.

We observe a paucity of dates which is at times a little puzzling; and the author has that slovenly linguistic inconsistency which gives us constantly

Duc d'Orleans and Count d'Artois. It would be unjust to judge exclusively as a history a book that professes to be a biography. As a biography of the Queen of France, a chief personage at a momentous epoch of history, it is open to serious criticism; as a life of the woman Marie Antoinette it is just and appreciative, and, in the main, successful.

Historical Sketch of the United States Naval Academy. By Prof. J. R. Soley. (Washington: Government Printing-Office.)—Prof. Soley divides his book into two parts, the first being an historical sketch of the Academy, and in fact of education in our navy from its very beginning. The second part presents a view of the present organization and condition of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. In the history of this establishment there is very little of that which makes the history of a great collegiate institution interesting. Founded by the Government, and supported by yearly appropriations, it has had no early age of poverty and no maturity of affluence, no endowments, no scholarships, and no bequests. Its graduates all belong to one profession, of which the Academy is the entering stage. It is of such recent origin that it has no traditions, and it numbers among its graduates very few of the famous men of naval history. In 1845, the professors of mathematics of the Navy, some twenty-two in number, were gathered under one command at Annapolis by the Hon. George Bancroft, then Secretary of the Navy. There was no law or act of Congress authorizing the establishment of a school, but midshipmen were required to pass an examination in navigation and seamanship to become eligible for the grade of lieutenant, and the grade of Professor of Mathematics had been established to provide for the professional instruction of young officers on board ship. The functions of the professors had gradually become more extended, and in 1845 there were schools, under their charge, at the several naval stations, to which midshipmen were sent from sea-going ships to prepare for their examinations. The project of an academy was not at that time a new one. From the early part of the century plans had been formed, and bills introduced in Congress from time to time, to secure the establishment of a permanent school, designed to give young officers a good professional and general education; but it was never possible to excite sufficient interest to carry out any of these schemes. When the school was established it was done in a very quiet way, the Secretary of the Navy simply exercising his right in ordering all the instructors to one station and all the midshipmen to the same station for instruction. It was not for several years after the actual foundation of the school that it had any official recognition by Congress. Professor Soley has probably drawn most of the material for his work from official records, a source of information always reliable as far as it goes, but not always full or explicit. Thus, although the foundation of the Academy was officially the act of Mr. Bancroft, it was due in a great measure to the interest and exertions of the professors then employed in the Navy, and principally to Prof. Chauvenet, then just appointed, through whose solicitations and representations the Secretary was led to take the first step. This fact Prof. Soley fails to notice, and it should have a place in the history of the Academy. Since its establishment the school has increased steadily, and is now an indispensable part of our naval establishment, and an institution of high reputation.

It is impossible to enter upon a criticism of the second part of the book without taking up the subject of naval education at large. Suffice it to say that this subject is one upon which the opinion of naval officers is still divided, notwithstanding the permanent establishment of the Academy. Prof. Soley's book will be read with interest by all engaged on the question of naval education at home and abroad, and is a valuable addition to naval literature.

Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare. Twelve Essays. By John Weiss. (Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.)—Readers of essays on Shakspeare get used to fine writing. Nothing can be said beautiful enough or profound enough for him. The temptation seems to be irresistible to gild his gold and paint his lilies, and exhibit them in the midst of an incessant blaze and crackle of wit. But certainly few, if any, of the essayists have crowded as many brilliancies into the same compass as Mr. Weiss. He fires them, off by the pack. He generally inclines to scholarly and transcendental effects, but he does not disdain puns, or the dropping of slang into the current of his usually choice English, or the contrasted trick of placing noble expressions in incongruous relations.

'Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare' is a taking title; it seems to promise many a hearty laugh. But Mr. Weiss is too intellectual for mirth, and there is no fun in the book. In the introductory essays on wit and humor he brings in illustrations from all quarters, many of them well-known good things at which the world has been laughing for ages, but somehow we

read them here with no spasmodic action of the diaphragm. After looking at the Chinese jugglers awhile, nothing surprises one; so the most miraculous old jokes seem a matter of course in the midst of this rhetorical thau-maturgy. The Shakspeare part of the book is mainly remarks on Shakspeare's jesters and on Shakspeare's women. Aside from the style, the "views" are in general good orthodox matter according to the current Shakspeare cult. There is nothing in the way of elucidation of particular readings of the text, or of the history of the plays, or of Shakspeare himself; and little, if anything, new in the way of elucidation of characters. Perhaps his theory of *Hamlet* is as well worth mention as anything. He elaborates the views of irony which figure so prominently in the critical articles upon George Eliot and other narrative writers more or less profound, and he thinks the solution of the *Hamlet* mystery is to be found in it. *Hamlet* is possessed with irony; he is "self-poised and self-sufficing"; a "firm yet subtle temper"; "too strongly built and level to be cracked"; he is not mad, but ironical. This would not have been so bad if, instead of *Hamlet*, it had been applied to Judge Holmes, or whoever it is, who tickles the itching ears of our Athenians with talk about Lord Bacon's being the author of 'Shakspeare,' and whom Mr. Weiss essays to confute.

Mr. Weiss's analyses and coruscations take the loveliness out of woman, as they do the fun out of humor. One hardly sees why it should be so; for his view is genial in substance, and makes conjugal love the essential form of true womanliness; but he dwells most in the outward flourishes. His peculiarities appear most notable in his apotheosis of *Lady Macbeth* as a choice specimen of the blonde woman, and reach their height when he puts in her mouth those words of *Troilus* to the dark enchantress—words that came straight from the heart of Shakspeare, if any ever did:

"I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth."

Each generation has to be made acquainted with Shakspeare, and the repetition of the old staple of explanation and admiration in new forms suited to new times and new places will always be good and welcome. Mr. Weiss doubtless has his time and place and audience; his style could not have grown so rank without a congenial environment.

The School Candidates: a Prosaic Burlesque (1788). By Henry Clarke, LL.D. Edited, etc., by John Eglinton Bailey, F.S.A. (Manchester, 1877).—In 1788 it befell the good people of Stretford, a village near Manchester, to engage in the election of a new schoolmaster. As to the circumstances of the transaction and the persons who took part in it, tradition might, not unnaturally, be supposed to be well-nigh silent. If only as an illustration of how much may be done, in these latter centuries of newspapers and omnigenous record, in the way of resuscitating facts regarding even the most insignificant event, and of constructing therefrom a connected whole, the details which Mr. Bailey has prefixed to the trifle he has edited are well worthy of study. Dr. Henry Clarke, who may be accounted a new discovery, was a man whom it was injustice to forget so completely as he had come to be forgotten. Among English mathematicians of the last century he deserves a rank, especially for his originality, which even so well-informed a scientific antiquary as the late Prof. De Morgan failed, from insufficient research, to appreciate; and Dr. Hutton had been equally neglectful of him. But his talent was recognized by Bishop Horsley, whose judgment is not likely to be arraigned. To what extent he had investigated linguistics is patent from his curious 'Tabulæ Linguarum,' a

book now grown rather scarce. The facility with which he acquired languages is attested to have been something remarkable. Skill as a draughtsman he possessed, too, as Whitaker's 'History of Manchester' gives clear evidence. From small beginnings he rose to be Professor of History, Geography, and Experimental Philosophy in the Royal Military College, now located at Sandhurst. This post he held from 1802 to 1817, when he was pensioned. He died in 1818, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. As Mr. Bailey, in concluding his memoir, very warrantably observes: "Had Dr. Clarke been possessed of more ambition, and been less free throughout his career from the cares of life, his name would have occupied a more conspicuous place in the annals of science and literature. None the less, however, is a tribute due to his undoubted genius."

'The School Candidates,' though in a vein of humor now somewhat out of date, is well calculated, where its reader is sufficiently qualified by scholarship and interest, to while away an hour or two agreeably. Dr. Clarke must have been a diligent student and a keen appreciator of Rabelais to have imitated him so successfully. Witness, for instance, the following deliverance of Hugo de Bragmardo: "If, upon a strict scrutiny, I find one whose qualifications are adequate to the undertaking, and whose substantif quality of his elementary complexion is intronicated in the terrestrity of his quidditative nature, so as to extraneize the blasting mists and whirlwind of immorality upon the minds of youth—if he will come to my Gymnasium and sup with me, nos faciemus bonum cheerum, ego occidit unum porcum, et ego habet bonum vino." And the portentous pedagogæ also asks: "Pray, Mr. Robinorosko, will you give me your opinion, whether the atoms revolving by the atmospheric pulsations occasioned by the hermagorical harmony might ever effect a compaction, or a dissolution, of a quintessence, by the application of the Pythagorical numbers?" These specimens must suffice.

Mr. Bailey, as our readers are aware, has signalized his ability and researchfulness by a 'Life of Thomas Fuller,' which, marked by merit of every description, is acknowledged to be a masterly performance. His edition of the quaint old divine's sermons, promised some years ago, is still a desideratum. Now that Dr. Clarke is off his hands, we trust that we shall not be kept waiting for it much longer.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices.
Annual Report of the Chief Signal-Officer for 1876.....	(Washington)
Arnold (E.), Transliterated Turkish Grammar.....	(Trübner & Co.)
Bigelow (J.), Wit and Wisdom of the Haytians, swd.....	(Scribner & Armstrong)
Burnett (Frances H.), That Lass o' Lowrie's.....	(Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) \$1 50
Cernuschi (H.), Noum-mas, or, "Legal Tender".....	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Corkran (Alice), Bessie Lang.....	(Henry Holt & Co.) 1 25
Forrester (Mrs.), Mignon.....	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Gould (J. M.), How to Camp Out.....	(Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) 1 00
Grege (T.), How to Raise Fruits.....	(S. R. Wells & Co.) 1 00
Higginson (T. W.), Book of American Explorers.....	(Lee & Shepard) 1 50
Littell's Living Age, Jan.-Mar., 1877.....	(Littell & Gay)
Pelle (J.), Philology: Science Primer.....	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Richter (J. P. F.), Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces, 2 vols.....	(Henry Holt & Co.) 2 50
Campaner Thal.....	1 50
Searle (G. M.), Elements of Geometry.....	(John Wiley & Sons) 1 00
Six Little Cooks.....	(Janson, McIlurg & Co.)
Sizer (N.), How to Teach.....	(S. R. Wells & Co.)
Spencer (H.), Principles of Sociology, Vol. I.....	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Smith (Dr. W.) and Wace (Prof. H.), Dictionary of Christian Biography, Vol. I., A-D.....	(Little, Brown & Co.)
Swain (C. F.), Captain Waters and Bill his Boyson.....	(J. P. Jewett & Co.) 1 00
Synge (W. W. F.), Olivia Raleigh: a Tale.....	(J. B. Lippincott)
Thomé (Prof. O. W.), Text-book of Structural and Physiological Botany.....	(John Wiley & Sons) 2 25
Three Years at Wolverton.....	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Tozer (H. F.), Classical Geography: Science Primer.....	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Tyne (Rev. S. H. Jr.), He Will Come.....	(Macklow & Simon)
Vapereau (G.), Dictionnaire Universel des Littératures, Part 7, swd.....	(F. W. Christern) 50
Warren (Mrs.), My Lady-Help, and What She Taught Me, swd.....	(A. K. Loring)
Weyrauch (Prof. J. J.), Strength and Determination of the Dimensions of Structures of Iron and Steel.....	(John Wiley & Sons) 2 00
White (C. A.), Classic Literature.....	(Henry Holt & Co.) 2 50

Henry Holt & Co., N. Y.,

Have just Published:

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WALLACE'S RUSSIA. \$4.

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